

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1921

NUMBER 345

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The Week

PEACE with Germany and Austria, which has been in effect for two years, is now formally and officially in existence. Though it took long to accomplish, it is an easy step compared with the negotiations that must now follow it. Will the United States negotiate new treaties, or shall we accept the Treaty of Versailles with reservations as to our responsibility for its enforcement? It is needless to point out that a new treaty must be based on an explicit recognition of the Treaty of Versailles and of Germany's liabilities under it. In other words the difference is largely a matter of expediency. But while the administration is pondering the matter, the Porter resolution makes possible certain definite things. Our troops on the Rhine, which are a great expense to Germany and small benefit to anybody else, will very likely be sent home at an early date, and quite properly so. As for German property in this country, the resolution very definitely states that we shall hold on to it until we agree with the German government as to its final disposition. But the claims of honor

and justice in this matter will at least have a chance to be heard and the claimants will at last have their day in court.

AMBASSADOR SHIDEHARA'S statement on the Anglo-Japanese alliance deserves respectful attention, but it will not go far to reconcile Americans to the treaty. Baron Shidehara assumes that there is an anti-Japanese propaganda behind the American opposition to the alliance. That of course is not true. To our national disgrace we do indeed have a faction which would welcome an opportunity to war on Japan. That faction is making as much capital as it can out of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and will continue to make capital out of it, unless Japan and England have the good sense to replace the alliance by an open conference of Pacific Powers. Baron Shidehara further assumes that what disturbs the American people is the fear that England might join Japan in a war on us. No intelligent American fears anything of the kind. England has no interests in the Pacific worth the cost of the ruin of the English-speaking world. What disturbs reasonable Americans is the suspicion, well grounded in recent experience, that under the shelter of the alliance Japanese policy on the Asiatic mainland will evolve steadily toward a clash of interests with America. To allay this suspicion Baron Shidehara quotes the altruistic preamble of the alliance. We do not recall any preamble to a treaty of alliance that does not breathe amity and justice for all the world. Therefore we lay more weight on facts than on preambles, and the facts in the case are Korea, Manchuria, the Twenty-one Demands, Shantung, Siberia. We wish that the Japanese ambassador were in a position to prove that those things were not facts at all but fragments of propaganda.

IT has been said that in the event of war between Japan and Great Britain on one side and the United States on the other, the British Dominions would side with us. This is perhaps an extreme

view, the truth of which we hope may never have to be tested. But certainly the Dominions place friendship with us above friendship with Japan. Mr. Hughes, the Australian premier, has said that the treaty with Japan must be renewed only in a form acceptable to us. The Imperial Conference in London has been full of such unmistakable signs of the sturdy independence of the Dominions. Mr. Meighan, the Canadian premier, told the mother country that the Dominions must be consulted on all matters of foreign policy which concern the Empire, and that all treaties or special alliances—referring of course to Japan—which the British government intends to make must first be approved by the Dominion parliaments. This declaration of a bill of rights for the Dominions is the logical consequence of the responsibility given to them as co-signers of the Treaty of Versailles. They are not disposed to regard this responsibility as a complimentary gift. They achieved nationality when they signed the treaty, and in this position they propose to entrench themselves. The British Empire has nothing to fear from their assertion of independence.

A FEW months ago the chances that the Borah resolution would be passed seemed scarcely better than even, and at that time no one would have dared to guess that it would finally be passed in the House by the practically unanimous vote of 330 to 4. The size of the vote shows that the legislators were at last convinced that public opinion insistently demands some step toward disarmament. The resolution is, of course, only a step. It is much more hopeful than the alternative proposal that the disarmament conference should be a general one, and not restricted to the United States, Great Britain and Japan. General disarmament is almost impossible while so much hatred and suspicion is still loose in the world, and there is more chance of its coming about with the example of a mutual agreement between the three Great Powers who have least to fear from other smaller ones.

A RADICAL purpose was far from President Harding's intention when he named William Howard Taft, Chief Justice. Yet the choice has an important radical bearing. The true conservative view is that the Supreme Court ought to be an embodiment of the clearest legal intelligence, altogether unmoved by political bias or class preconception. The radical view is that the Supreme Court is and ought to be a political body interpreting the Constitution and the law according to the spirit of the age, subject, of course, to certain

elastic limits of legal plausibility. In the conservative view fitness for the post of Supreme Court Justice rests upon technical eminence in understanding of the law as it stands. In the radical view fitness consists in timeliness of political opinions, supplemented by sufficient legal competence to smooth out the transitions from one political adjustment to another. Nobody, we believe, would think of Mr. Taft primarily as a lawyer. As colonial administrator, as President, as the best humored of political losers, as a patriot who did not seek political profit out of his patriotism, as an active worker for permanent peace, Mr. Taft has made his political character visible to the whole people. It is a conservative character, and the decisions of the Supreme Court will be shifted toward conservatism by it. But the very fact that everybody expects such a shift toward conservatism proves that the position of the Court itself has been shifted toward radicalism. It is moving out of the serene immutabilities of abstract law and into the flux of political movement.

WHEN Mr. Taft takes his seat as Chief Justice, there will come up before the Supreme Court no less than nine cases which are to be reargued then apparently because of the sharp division of the Court up to the present. All of them are important, but the most important of these pending cases is that of the Coronado Coal Company, which involves the right of a corporation to collect from a labor union in consequence of damage suffered during a strike. The decision as in the case of the analogous Taff Vale case in England involves the right of labor unions to exist for the chief purpose for which they are formed, the improvement of the condition of the workers by the only means which in our present industrial anarchy are effective. The Taff Vale decision was against the union, and was promptly corrected by Act of Parliament. This method of correction is impossible in the United States, for a Supreme Court which would decide against the unions would declare unconstitutional a law protecting their funds. Accordingly the new Chief Justice will apparently signalize his taking office with a decision as important as that in the Dred Scott case.

THE most hopeful sign of recovery from the state of coma into which the war threw public opinion with respect to such a vital matter as freedom of the press is afforded by the reaction of conservative newspapers to the recent decision of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia in the case of the Call. That decision upholds the power assumed by the Postmaster General under Section

211 of the Criminal Code to exclude from the mails "all matter of a character *tending* to incite arson, murder and assassination." (Italics ours.) No decision more subversive of the right of free discussion can be imagined. In the first place it constitutes an administrative officer sole judge of the character of the matter excluded. He can virtually terminate the existence of a newspaper without taking the matter to the courts. In the second place it affirms the old legal abuse of constructive crime which the English people repudiated in the person of Judge Jeffries and the revolution of 1688. As the Baltimore Sun remarks: "Any man who advocates a change in the government of the United States, which change would be resisted forcibly by those who approve its present form, would be held to be guilty of circulating 'matter of a character tending to incite arson, murder and assassination.'" The case of the Call thus becomes the case of all organs of public opinion to whose existence freedom of the press is important. The Sun offers \$500 to the fund for carrying the case to the Supreme Court.

THE Senate Judiciary Committee has favorably reported the Sterling bill to suppress sedition in peace time. If one believes in the wisdom of laws to suppress discontent without examining its causes or trying to eliminate the rottenness that breeds it, then we already have laws enough. The Penal Code amply provides for conspirators against the government. The Sterling bill is an extra: it punishes the advocacy, in speech or in print, not only of "the overthrow, by force or violence, or by physical injury to person or property, of the government of the United States, or of all government," but even the much more doubtful crime of advocacy of "a change of government or of the Constitution of the United States," by force or violence. The experience of the war has taught us that a magistrate whose finger is hysterically quick on the trigger of justice can easily aim such words at any poor devil who expresses heated dissatisfaction with the government. If you have grievances against things as they are, the Sterling bill may catch you if you don't express them pianissimo—and if you do, of course nobody will hear you.

MRS. KATE O'HARE, a socialist, while on a speaking tour in the Northwest, was scheduled to speak in Twin Falls, Idaho. Copies of her lecture, circulated in advance, aroused the anger of members of the Twin Falls American Legion, who, to prevent her from speaking, proceeded in the good old-fashioned way. A crowd of men

claiming to be members of the American Legion woke her up in the middle of the night and carried her, by force, to an automobile, in which they then drove her, half-dressed in spite of the cold, through some fifteen miles of desert country. Mrs. O'Hare asked Governor Davis of Idaho if she would be protected when she tried to bring the criminals to justice. This was the Governor's answer: "Idaho and its peace officers always protect citizens within the state whose purposes are lawful. . . . Those who wish to rise to the ideals of good citizenship are careful not to be a party in the exciting passions which may have the effect of disturbing the peace of any community." If Mrs. O'Hare's purposes in Idaho were not lawful, Governor Davis should have had her arrested, and if they were, it is hardly customary to tell citizens who have been criminally kidnapped that they must steer clear of "exciting passions." Why not simply fence Idaho about with signs: "American Legion bull in this field"?

IN Moscow the details of the recent Socialist party convention in Detroit might cause a certain amount of disgust, if little surprise. For the Socialists moved definitely further to the right. So have the Communists of Russia. Both retreats were made in the face of facts. Our Socialists regard the American scene more dispassionately than before, and they have seen that some change must be made in their methods if American socialism is to advance. For instance, the convention decided to break with the traditional policy of aloofness from other political organizations, and voted to cooperate with other "militant labor and radical forces" as far as possible without compromising its own principles. This is new: it shows that the Socialists are aware that they cannot hope to win alone for a considerable time. It was also evident that the Socialists have no illusions about the American "revolution." "The advocacy of a general strike in the United States under present conditions is folly," they agree. But if the Socialists have chosen to go more slowly and surely, it is less from fear of consequences than from a realization that just now the American worker is, to their hands, inert and stubborn clay.

EFFICIENCY, common sense and goodwill are the outstanding characteristics of Mr. Hays's administration of the postal department. This may be politics: if it is, may we have more politics. The latest reform Mr. Hays announces is that of the postal savings system. The existing system, with its denial of interest to deposits withdrawn

within a year, amounts, says Mr. Hays, "almost to fraud." We should say that it amounts entirely to robbery, and we do not think that a much milder term can be applied to an interest rate of two per cent when the use of the money is worth at least four or five per cent. Mr. Hays proposes to raise the rate to three per cent and open banks in 50,000 offices instead of 6,300 as at present. That will help materially to induce small savers to put their money in safer places than the padding of a mattress or a hidden can. We wish Mr. Hays would go the whole way and put the interest rate at four per cent. That would compete with the private savings banks, to be sure, but the best of these are institutions of trust, in business for the general good, not for profit, and ought to view with indifference any transfer of deposits so long as the interests of the savers are adequately protected.

AFTER a strike lasting a quarter of a year, the British miners and the owners have finally come to terms which will run for fifteen months. The miners have relinquished—temporarily—their demand for a national wages pool, and they have accepted a wage reduction of two shillings a day for July, to be followed by two other reductions of sixpence a day for August and September. They have made some gains. Wages are to be a first charge upon the coal industry, and after the payment of a minimum standard wage twenty per cent above the pre-war level, and the deduction of other paid charges, the surplus earned shall be divided in the proportion of seventeen per cent for the owners and eighty-three per cent for the miners. In addition, the government grants a subsidy of £10,000,000 to tide the miners over the period of reductions. Mr. Lloyd George calls this compromise a unique piece of profit-sharing. But it is only a compromise, hardly worth the three months of paralysis necessary to reach it. The miners know very well that it is a compromise; they know that most of what they wanted to get is still beyond their reach, and judging by their temper during the strike it will not be very long before they make some other attempt to get it.

THE Weekly Review takes exception to the editorial article appearing in the New Republic for June 29th, entitled *Nothing—But the Truth*, on three counts. First, that the statement that Mr. Michaelson attempted to discuss his resolution "amid a constant fire of interruption" is a falsehood. The expression can hardly be used without exaggeration. Mr. Michaelson experienced four interruptions in a twenty minute speech,

one being of considerable length. If the words "constant fire" imply more than this the Review's point is well taken. Second, that the New Republic was guilty of suppressing the truth because it did not refer to other things in Mr. Michaelson's speech than the statements of M. Hanotaux and Sir Gilbert Parker. The New Republic was using the reception of Mr. Michaelson's speech as an illustration of an attitude of mind, just as it later used the reception of Mr. Harvey's speech as another illustration. It could not quote either speech at length. Third, that the attempt to expunge Mr. Michaelson's remarks from the Congressional Record was not serious. Mr. Connally of Texas, supported by colleagues, made several inquiries as to the method by which this could be done. The Chair decided that the speaker has no such control of the Record as to justify him in excluding a speech. We should judge that the word serious was properly used. On the strength of these specifications the Review asserts that the article in question "is saturated with untruth and unintelligence." Untruth, with which the article is "saturated," would seem to be confined to the possibly exaggerated use of the single phrase "constant interruption." As for unintelligence, the term is loose and susceptible of different interpretations. The New Republic and the Weekly Review might not agree on its meaning. We welcome the opportunity to assert again the thesis of the article in question—that the habit of mind which through indifference or self-satisfaction refuses to face what may turn out to be an unpleasant truth is unworthy of the American people.

The Irish Negotiations

IT is too soon to know how far Mr. Smuts can go in helping the Irish situation but the angle from which he approaches it is the right one. The problem before Britain is not, as Lloyd George has repeatedly asserted, a problem of "secession." This phrase, coined for propaganda purposes, was never intellectually honest and it has only served to throw some Americans and many Englishmen off the track. The Irish problem is not a federal problem, as that of the North and South primarily was. It is primarily a national problem. It is only by accepting it as national that Britain can arrive anywhere. With his experience as a Boer leader who took a prominent part in working out the Union of South Africa, Mr. Smuts is emotionally alive to the desires and objects of Sinn Féin. He does not come, as Lloyd George does,

from a people politically assimilated. He comes from a people politically accommodated. That difference in background has evidently enabled him to bring home to the British Cabinet the kind of situation with which it has to deal. And he seems to have induced the Cabinet, after its five years of obstinate resort to sheer brute force, to see the incorrigible reality of the nationalism it is trying to force under, and to take the only road to a sane solution.

That road is to treat directly and honestly with the accredited national representatives of Ireland. Mr. Smuts knows that the Boer settlement was arrived at by a convention in which the real forces in South Africa were represented, heard from and substantially satisfied. He knows that every attempt to patch up a peace between imperialists on the one hand and sold-out Boers on the other hand got nowhere and did no good. The only thing that worked politically was a settlement founded on mass considerations and mass realities, with no mortgages on the settlement placed in the hands of any class. The first step toward a similar settlement in Ireland required that Lloyd George and his colleagues stop ramming the Irish leaders into jail but instead take them out of jail and treat with them. This obvious step toward justice has now been taken. It has not been taken soon enough. The government that has just released Griffith and MacNeill after eight months in prison without charge, that now holds interned thousands of the best young men in Ireland, that let the hunger strikers die, that shields the murderers of men like O'Callaghan and McCurtain, has created such intense resistance and contempt in national Ireland that the mood of peace is necessarily shattered. But peace is conceivable, thanks to the statesmanship of Mr. Smuts.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that peace is immediately conceivable. We must remember that Mr. Smuts was also at Versailles. What is being brought to definition are the exact terms on which British will and Irish will are conflicting rather than the terms on which they are planning to agree. "From the British standpoint—from the standpoint of British interest and advantage—the first and best thing for the British government to do in Ireland is to let the Dail Eireann meet and to negotiate with it openly and freely to the point either of an accepted peace or a rupture and a war that the British government can justify to the world." So concludes Mr. William Hard in the last of his admirable series of articles in the Metropolitan, and such—almost, though not quite—is the point that has been reached, the point that must precede a final adjustment. The differ-

ence between the actuality and Mr. Hard's idea of "the first and best thing" is the place given by Lloyd George to Ulster in these negotiations. He takes it for granted that Ulster has a first mortgage on Ireland and in the reconstruction he proposes that Ulster must be considered as a separate party with a separate claim.

This of course raises the whole national question at the start. If Ireland is a nation, is Ulster a separate nation? Lloyd George's manoeuvre in this respect can scarcely recommend itself to Mr. Smuts, who knows that no Union of South Africa could have been effected if the Uitlanders had been treated as an element with a prior right. But this question of Ulster's prior right goes back to the nationalism of Ireland, which is the whole problem.

It is too easily assumed that dominion home rule will be the possible solution of the relations between Britain and Ireland. The Irish people give no sign of wanting dominion home rule and it is simply not on the cards that the Dail Eireann will initiate or accede to the blunt proposal that dominion home rule be arranged. It takes some time, undoubtedly, for a new political formula to penetrate the understandings of people far from the scene of action, but the Dail Eireann beyond doubt does not desire, plan for or conceive of a British connection. Is this unpractical? It is undoubtedly unpractical if force is the final reality in political settlements. But let us remember that it is with de Valera, who narrowly escaped execution in 1916, that Britain is now negotiating. He has never said one word in favor of dominion home rule, and it is clear that it cannot become an issue in Ireland until nationalism in its present state of consciousness is changed.

Is this a fact to which Britain can possibly adjust itself? That is the point on which these negotiations must turn. There is no evidence whatever of any kind to which any reliable witness can point that the Sinn Fein seek a dominion home rule solution. On what, then, can Britain and Ireland agree?

Waiving the question of ultimate sovereignty, and the subsidiary question of fiscal autonomy that goes with it, the substantial issues on which complete adjustment have to be made are the issues of British security and the self-determination of the compact minority in certain Ulster counties. Can such adjustments be made?

On the first issue we know how Mr. de Valera himself feels. He is ready to negotiate. He believes that Ireland can cooperate with Britain for British security to the satisfaction of Britain. On this issue, at any rate, the Dail Eireann must be

heard from before we may conclude that formal war ought to be declared on Ireland.

On the issue of self-determination for the pro-British minority in Ireland we do not know what the attitude of the Dail Eireann is. The pro-British minority in southern Ireland is clearly against the isolation of the minority in the north. They want an all-Ireland solution and they consider that they have been shamefully deserted by the Ulster zone. They are definitely anti-partition. The British imperialists believe, however, that if they insist on partitioning Ireland the Dail Eireann will take up an unyielding attitude, will refuse to admit the Ulster minority has a nationalism of its own, and will insist so hard on compulsory unity as to justify war on Ireland before the whole world.

Since Canada has a national minority of its own, as well as South Africa, it would be strictly logical for the Dail Eireann to hold out for compulsory unity. This, however, would be to ignore the real claims of the people in the north-east. The present Ulster unit is not fairly contrived but there is an Ulster unit that just as much revolts against Irish dominion as the Irish revolt against British dominion. It would be impossible for the Dail Eireann to overbear this minority without weakening its whole moral position.

On the basis of this fact, undoubtedly, Mr. Smuts is working for a dominion settlement in the interests of the empire. It is, of course, true that this Ulster minority is in many respects legendary. Its vigor, prosperity, education, public spirit, health and morale are indubitably inferior, on the whole, to the standing of the community to the south. Nevertheless, to deprive them of political option would be short-sighted on the part of the Dail Eireann, and it is on this short-sightedness that the British imperialist counts.

There is no other serious adjustment to be made. Britain cannot go to war with Ireland to compel Ireland to become one of a brotherhood of nations, or to adopt British kultur, or to end the Catholic church. It can only justify war on Ireland on the ground that Ireland is definitely menacing its physical security or persecuting the pro-British minority.

By raising the claims of this minority with the Sinn Fein, Mr. Smuts may hope to bring about a dominion on the British side, with Ulster specially safeguarded. Can the Dail Eireann yield on these terms? If not, it has open to it the heroic course of giving Ulster self-determination and insisting on a republic for itself. This heroic course, however, requires it to scrutinize very closely the difference between a full dominion with all Ireland in and a republic with Ulster out.

Back to Protection

WHEN the American people turned the government over to the Republicans it was a foregone conclusion that the tariff would be raised. By how much was the only question, and to that question we now have a tentative answer in the bill prepared by the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee. This is indeed high protection: on its face the highest we have ever had. In so far as the increased duties are specific, there is to be sure a plausible excuse for them in the higher level of world prices. There are many duties in the new tariff bill which, though higher nominally, represent less of an obstruction to the import trade than did those of the Underwood tariff at the time of its enactment.

But the effect of the proposed tariff upon American economic life is not to be ascertained by a simple comparison with earlier schedules. Too many other things have changed. First and foremost, our international position has changed from that of a debtor nation to that of a creditor nation. Before the war our net debt abroad must have been as much as five billions. At present our net credit abroad must amount to more than that sum, without counting the loans our government made to the governments of the Allies. And it is an impoverished Europe that is in our debt, a Europe which has very limited resources wherewith to pay interest and amortization on these loans and to buy the materials and food supplies it requires.

Our international economic position has changed radically; what of our domestic position? We are suffering cruelly from depression, and the end of it is not in sight. This is not a depression that any intelligent protectionist would impute to the deficiencies of the present tariff. Fundamentally, it is a crisis of price readjustment after the inflation of war time. It began with the rapid fall in agricultural prices, due to the failure of the export trade to take care of the surplus of cotton, wheat and meat. With the falling off in the purchasing power of the farmers, trade became stagnant and one factory after another closed down for want of a market. That resulted in a shrinkage in the purchasing power of industrial labor, and hence further reduction occurred in the demand for goods and more factories closed down.

We linger over these tedious and commonplace details, because it is only when one bears them in mind that the futility of the high tariff remedy becomes apparent. There may be, here and there, enterprises that see business snatched away from

them by foreign competitors. They are rare. The frequent case is no business at all, for either domestic producer or foreigner.

As the malady, so the cure lies mainly beyond the sphere of the tariff doctors. Not altogether; as in private life, only the right prescription can help but the wrong can very effectively hurt. We shall begin to recover from depression when our agricultural surpluses move at prices that restore buoyancy to rural demand. That involves the more active export of agricultural products. But our export is limited by European capacity to pay.

In what forms can Europe pay? In gold; but Europe has little gold and we have much. In securities; but Europe has few securities that we hunger after. If Europe were to pay us interest on all she owes us, as individuals and as a nation, this alone would absorb all the gold available and all the securities we could digest, leaving nothing whatever with which to pay us for our products.

It follows that if we are to export enough of our surplus of food and raw materials to restore prosperity to agriculture and thus set industry in motion, we shall have to take payment in products either for immediate delivery or for delivery in the near future. But that is exactly what the proposed tariff is intended, so far as it can, to prevent. It is intended to raise prices to such a level that very modest quantities of imported goods may find a market here, under the illusion that American goods will find their way to those who would have bought foreign goods. By the tariff we can prevent the foreigner from selling to us and buying from us; but we cannot make the American farmer buy from the American manufacturer when there is no market for surplus agricultural production.

There is, however, many a slip between the introduction of a tariff bill and its enactment into law. A great part of the Republican strength in Congress comes from the agricultural states, and the farmers, if we read their temper correctly, are alive as they never were before to the fact that the export of their products depends on the arrangements made to take foreign products in exchange. Even in the time of President Taft they were enough disillusioned of the tariff almost to wreck the Republican party through their insurgency. They are better organized now. It is difficult to believe that they will sit idly by through the next months while the monopolists and profiteers work out a tariff scheme that will protect them in their takings at the cost of the national prosperity.

The Real Issue With Mexico

THE issue between the United States and Mexico narrows steadily. Secretary Hughes's statement cut away most of the difficulties raised by the Fall resolution. Although the forces which make for intervention and war are still powerful in the background, they have become less dangerous as negotiation has proceeded to define the attitudes of the two governments. It is not too much to say that the difference between them is now a matter of form, of precedence, of punctilio. Mr. Hughes demands as a condition of recognition, an official agreement on the part of Mexico, by treaty or congressional action, not to interpret Article 27 of the constitution to the prejudice of rights already acquired and exercised by Americans. President Obregon holds that such a bargain is beneath the dignity of a sovereign state, but promises in due time the action demanded. Clearly the situation is one that a capable diplomacy should be able to solve.

In the official deadlock, however, a resort is had to open diplomacy. The World sends a questionnaire to President Obregon composed of such leading questions as: "Is Mexico intent upon a program of confiscation and has she decided upon a policy of repudiation? Does law and order obtain south of the Rio Grande, or is revolution the favorite outdoor sport? Is democracy working or is President Obregon a dictator?" One wonders at first how such a crude and hasty interrogation could promptly elicit so full, clear and eloquent a reply as President Obregon's statement of the whole Mexican case.

There can be no doubt that the paper has furthered prospects of agreement by revealing to the public the extremely narrow grounds of difference between the governments. It is addressed directly to the American people, as was Mr. Wilson's Fiume note to the Italian. Not only is the tone of the appeal frank and disarming, but the substance of it should carry conviction. After all, what is the fundamental cause of difference between the Mexican and American governments? The desire of the former to preserve as part of the public domain natural resources in the form of land and mineral deposits including oil, which have been marked for exploitation by American capitalists. Is this not a reasonable and forward-looking proposition? Are we not all coming to see that whatever importance we attribute to gain as a principle of action we have far exceeded the bounds of reason and necessity in the material rewards which we have granted to private initiative at the expense of society at large? There is no form of privilege and monopoly so open to criticism as that

in natural resources, which belong of right to the citizens of a country at large and to no particular group of them, much less to a group of outlanders. Have we not ourselves had bitter experience in attempting to defend our national domain against exploitation and should we not sympathize with every effort, on our own or on the other side of the border, to uphold public welfare against private greed? Does not President Obregon's assertion mean something for Americans as well as Mexicans?

We stand today on the principle that the natural resources of a nation belong to the nation. Never again will the people of Mexico tolerate a Government that does not support this principle What Mexico will ask in the future is a fair partnership in development. We are through forever with the policy of gift, graft and surrender.

But, it will be urged, the question has long since passed from one of national rights into the legal phase; the concessions have been granted; Article 27 of the Mexican constitution looks toward repealing them, or confiscation. In favor of Article 27 as a general principle a formidable argument may be constructed. When a government representing the people grants title, is it not wise policy to withhold for future negotiations any hidden or unknown resources which the land may contain? When in consequence of a development of civilization natural resources come to possess a value undreamed of before has not the government the right to readjust the terms of the original grant in the interest of society at large? At one time no one questioned the right of a man to exclusive interest in the air above his land. With the invention of the aeroplane the interest of the community in this air leads to governmental action which is certainly retroactive. When this substance, as in the case of oil, becomes of such importance that it may be vital to national existence does not a government's right to self-preservation extend to the recovery of title in return for a fair pecuniary compensation?

But these subtleties are ours—not President Obregon's. He says emphatically:

Every private right acquired prior to May 1, 1917, when the new constitution was adopted, will be respected and fully protected. The famous Article 27, one clause of which declares the nation's ownership of subsoil rights in petroleum, will never be given retroactive effect, nor has it ever been given retroactive effect.

But, it is further urged, what guarantee have we for these assurances except President Obregon's word? Is it not right that we should demand specific endorsement by the Mexican people in the form of treaty or covenant adopted by Congress? On this point President Obregon's plea is for time.

They [American oil interests] have insisted on de-

mands that Mexico must put everything to one side in favor of instant interpretation of Article 27, the President must press some button that will make Congress spring into automatic action. . . .

On the whole, President Obregon's plea to the American people is an appealing one. There is only one way of countering it effectively—that is by treating it as an ingenious piece of special pleading, which proves nothing except that Obregon is not to be trusted. Already this method is being adopted by certain spokesmen for the State Department, quoted by the *World*, June 29th. As bearing on the interpretation of Article 27, they cite a decree of May 21st, by which it is provided that foreigners can acquire dominion of lands, waters, etc. within the Republic of Mexico only by renouncing their nationality. This has nothing to do with Obregon's promises that Article 27 shall not be construed retroactively; and the requirement that title shall be vested only in citizens of the country is one fully recognized in international law.

Another attack in detail on Obregon's good faith is made on the basis of the complaint of the Corralitic Land Company, whose land is being assigned to squatters on a three years tenure under the idle land laws. And finally it is asserted that there is more Bolshevism in Mexico than Obregon admits. All of this is worthy of the precedents of pettiness which Secretary Hughes inherited from his predecessor. The issue is clear. Either Obregon is telling the truth on behalf of Mexico, or he is not. If he is, we have everything to gain by trusting him, and our failure to do so will ultimately destroy him. If he is not, no treaties, or resolutions of the Mexican Congress will stand in the way of ultimate default on his promises, and we then shall have to decide whether to conquer Mexico in the interest of Mr. Doheny and the Mexican Petroleum Company. That is not the question now. It is a far simpler and easier one. It is whether we are justified in forcing Obregon to bargain for recognition—or whether in accordance with our historic practice we shall accord recognition freely, and negotiate later. That the latter course will be preferred by the people of the United States after President Obregon's letter we cannot doubt. All that remains is for Mr. Hughes to lay aside considerations of form, precedence, and punctilio, and from his secure position condescend to Obregon's less stable one. We are apparently farther from war with Mexico today than we have been for a decade. Mr. Hughes may have it in his power to carry us so much farther that a war on our southern border is as unthinkable as on the northern. If he fails to put his power to the test he will not be forgiven.

How We Make Enemies

ON June 15th the press carried a proclamation by the military governor of Santo Domingo defining the conditions under which the American forces would be withdrawn. Comparatively few readers, we imagine, paid much attention to the terms of the proclamation. We are all rather hazy about our existing relation to the Dominican Republic (so-called, perhaps we should say now) and we felt absolved from the duty of knowing more by the fact that the relation was to be severed. Later press dispatches indicated that the Dominicans, instead of celebrating effusively the restoration of their sovereignty, were much enraged by our action. We have recently received copies of Dominican newspapers, *Listin Diario* and *El Tiempo*, which exhibit a state of mind worth reflecting on. The Harding administration, declares the *Listin Diario*, "with the most absolute tranquillity has declared us slaves of the White House, slaves of ambitious capitalists, slaves of the Republic which boasts itself the freest on earth." A protest signed by the editors of all the important newspapers declares that this proclamation deprives the Dominicans of their liberties, of their fiscal and legislative rights, of their schools (starved by the diversion of revenues to other uses) etc. The editors urge the whole Dominican people to unite in passive resistance to this encroachment on their sovereignty. *El Tiempo* publishes a funeral oration over the Dominican Republic. "Alas for us and for our children; for the captivity will be eternal."

Rhetoricians, the Latin Americans, will no doubt be the comment of most Americans. But let us look at the language of the proclamation.

The Military Governor will convene the primary assemblies . . . in conformity with articles 82 and 83 of the Constitution. These assemblies shall proceed to elect the electors. . . . The electoral colleges thus selected shall . . . proceed to elect Senators, Deputies . . . and to prepare lists for the Justices of the Supreme Court. . . . The Military Governor . . . will then appoint . . . certain Dominican citizens as representatives of the republic to negotiate a convention of evacuation. . . . Said convention of evacuation shall contain the following provisions: (1) Ratification of all the acts of the Military Government. (2) Validation of the final loan of \$2,500,000 . . . (3) Extension of the duties of the general receiver of Dominican customs . . . to apply to the said loan. (4) Extension of the powers of the general receiver . . . to the collection and disbursement of such portion of the internal revenues . . . as may prove to be necessary, should the customs revenue at any time prove insufficient, to meet the service of the foreign debt of the republic. (5) The obligation . . . to maintain an efficient Guardia Nacional. . . . To this end the President of the Dominican Republic shall at once request the President of the United States to send a military mission . . . charged with the duty of securing a com-

petent organization of such Guardia Nacional. . . . The Military Governor will thereupon convene the Dominican Congress in extraordinary session to confirm the convention of evacuation referred to above. . . . The Military Governor will then assemble the Electoral Colleges for the purpose of electing a President. . . . The Dominican President so elected will then take office in accordance with Article 21 of the Constitution, at the same time signing the convention of evacuation as confirmed by the Dominican Congress.

Dominican Republic! Constitution! Is this military governor deliberately making mock of words that have a sacred meaning for civilians? We ask our readers: Is there in all this proclamation the slightest loophole for a people's consent or even advice? Sign on the dotted line, or be damned.

The Dominican Republic, it may be admitted, woefully mismanaged its practical affairs, and possibly needed a disciplining hand. But even if it had deserved to be reduced to such a servile status as this proclamation implies, was it not possible to refine on our words and wrap our violence in civilized manners? This proclamation looks rough in English. It looks abominably brutal in Spanish; and in Spanish it is being reproduced throughout Latin America, where we expect to make friends.

We believe that there is not a word that can be said in defence of the manner of our action. No possible good can come of deliberately affronting the sensibilities of a people possessed of an older tradition of culture and refinement than our own. But the question is more than one of manners. Have we as a people so far forgotten our republican principles as to charter our bureaucrats and soldiers to subjugate whatever weaker peoples they may find convenient? That is exactly what we have permitted in the case of Santo-Domingo. It is imperialism of the most dangerous sort, because it is the imperialism not of a nation, but of a nation's servants, acting irresponsibly.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

Dempsey—Carpentier

AN immensity of pink faces, six acres of them, under a gray sky. They are packed so tight that you get an impression of something uniform, something almost insipidly tame. The human unit is lost. You see multitudes of straw hats. You see a woman two hundred yards off in a viridian sweater. You see all round the rim alternate French and American flags, big ones. But what strikes you most is this field of hot staring faces. It's like nothing else in the world. You hear nothing. There is an uneven surf of sound. You see only this giant, bright-colored saucer of human faces, circling down to a little white square.

The square (it is a platform) is the only blank spot visible. It isn't quite blank. When you arrive a preliminary bout is in progress. You see, down there a hundred yards away, two little mannikins puttering at each other on the tiny platform, with a large, opaque man in white trying ineffectually to get out of your line of vision. The opaque man is the referee. The agitated bifurcated radishes are light-weights. Evidently they are interesting. You see an usher planted firmly on an end seat. Without inspecting your stub he nods, "on down," and glues his eyes on the mannikins. You move along and good-natured voices yell at you, "Down in front." You meet an usher in a scarlet cap and he turns back with you to JJ. Already, before two p. m., feet have worn the painted JJ off the step.

On a narrow wedged-in chair, perhaps eighteen inches wide, you dispose of your body. For this you have paid fifty dollars. Your soul is now at liberty to fix itself on that bright little platform with its immaculate white ropes. It is quite near.

But, in the minute-interval when they are sponging the heroes' backs, you snatch a look around. An ex-diplomat sits behind you in his shirt-sleeves, wearing an old cap and looking very judicial and concentrated. He is playing in a refined manner on a tiny typewriter. In the same row sit numberless solid newspaper-men who call intermittently, "Western Union!" A few of these newspaper-men are women, steady and capable-looking. A face like Heywood Broun's looms smiling in the distance.

In front to the right, on a high tower, the motion-picture men take the eminence that is properly theirs. It is not an ivory tower. A fat man in a regular seat has a big idea. You see him waddling himself slowly up the perpendicular

hand-grip rail that serves as ladder for the motion-picture tower. When he is half up an angry photographer yells at him from on high. Then three or four other heads shoot out, hornet-mad. The fat man in mid-air smiles as much as to say, "Excuse me." He feels very cheap, and waddles down.

Meanwhile the two mannikins have been rushing repeatedly into each other's arms, only to be dis-embraced by the referee and requested not to do it again. It is a slow fight. The blond is getting licked. The sturdy referee does him a good turn when, catching him slip through the ropes, he scoops him back with a quick arm and sweeps him into the ring. But he has no punch left. The discouraged referee walks in, puts a friendly arm round his shoulder and tells him to call it a day.

During the preliminary bout, and the next, and the next, I make a discovery. I find myself registering in my own body the motions, or perhaps the desired motions, of the men in the ring. I find myself, without any danger, giving the other fellow ferocious jabs and punches. It seems to fill a long-felt want. But I notice that the smart lady near me averts her eyes. She has come to please those nice two men with her.

When, later on, I hear voices shouting, "you've got him now, kill him, kill him," I don't hear my own voice. I've become interested in the boxing, the method. The underlying desire is for one grand man-killing wallop. Perhaps that is why one of the preliminary pugs came to his corner making three signs of the cross before he started his bout. He was praying to the bon Dieu to help him shoot a right to the jaw. But these catastrophic blows aren't really so dramatic. It is more fun to comprehend the strategy, the finesse, the give-and-take. Yet, with the obvious lessons learned, perceiving that the left is the advance-agent of the right in most cases, that the short body blow can be horribly effective and that the best place for the chin is tucked right into the wish-bone, I still seem to see that the whole fortune of a fight can shift in two seconds, that a man may be on the ropes without being in extremis, and that there's no prize-fight artist as good as the American George Bellows. His superb sense of character, or fidelity to it, enables one instantly to place this close-cropped preliminary fighter with conical head who calls himself Soldier Jones. Bellows's superb sense of line permits one to enjoy the

prowling boxer who has just sent his man to the mat. It is two-thirty p. m. in Jersey City on a sulky dead-hot afternoon in the two-dimensional arena out of doors, and yet one feels that ringside atmosphere to which Bellows has added the pendulous shadows, the rich glammers of night.

But, while one aches for the real fight, there are no glammers about the trio in front of me. They are sports from Chicago. "Rotten!" says one of them, "Rotten! I call these preliminaries Rotten, with a big R." He looks around with an eye for applause. He is half-drunk and a born squid.

"God damn you," his New Jersey friend explodes, forgetting the recent flowing flask. "I say God damn you!"

The squid turns his stultified face to his friend. His moist lip hangs loosely. The friend grins.

"Yes, I mean it. For Christ's sake, boost! Boost it, or go home!"

The squid tries to scowl, then laughs fatuously.

The man on his other side speaks. "'Bout a roun'! I had it from . . . Atlantic City . . . said to him, I'll kill this bird in one roun'. In one roun'. Wait'll you see!"

The squid hates this. "Moving picture rights are too importan'. The fight 'll las' five roun's." He glares fiercely in every direction, catches the eye of the lady in our row, and in spite of her stony look greasily smiles. "I bet hun'erd dollars the fight las' five roun's."

A stranger with a gray face, a mouth like a steel trap, stands right up. "I'll take you," he says, and pulls out a roll of bills. There are more hundred dollar bills in his hand than I can bear to see except through plate-glass at the bank.

"A check," mutters the squid.

"Put your money up," the other man says grimly, "I don't want any check. Hundred enough? Want to make it more?"

The squid opens a pocket-book containing soiled letters, receipts, envelopes, newspapers clippings and one very tired-looking hundred dollar bill. He thinks of Mrs. Squid and the little Squids going to the parochial school at home, and rather reluctantly smooths out his old friend for the last time.

Another man pops up behind. "Thousand dollars to a hun'erd . . ." But this dies in silence as I listen to a new sound, real cheers. Rows and rows of the cabbage-heads become suddenly animated and rise up. A red-faced man in the ring bawls hopelessly into a sound-magnifier, telling the crowd to be seated. The crowd can't be seated. It sees Carpentier.

The squid is in my way. I yell angrily, "Sit down!" He turns round. "All right now, easy with the whip—I'm a mud horse." But at last

I see. In his gray Japanese kimono with its black cuffs Georges is looking to the right. He has his hands clasped way up in the air, shaking hands with the cheering crowd. Then he turns to us. His face is pale and sculptured. It is hollowed by training. It falls into severe lines, yet his mouth is square in an acknowledging laugh, a laugh with clenched teeth. It is not a spontaneous laugh, and I feel sorry for him when egotists in the ring insist on shaking his hand. He shakes back, smiling a set smile, not looking at their faces.

Uneven applause, in bursts. That was Dempsey. He arrives in his corner. He isn't shaved, after all. He is strikingly tall, wears a philistine red sweater, has black hair between his bare rounded breasts. Both men are naked to the belt. Carpentier's figure is marmoreal, sweepingly wide and clean above, gracefully compact at the waist. He carries his chin high. Dempsey glowers down. But wait, how lightly Dempsey skips to work his shoes in! The crowd applauds instantly at this sign of agility.

I find my heart beating more quickly. The ring is full of camera-men swarming about, like ants hauling on an egg. It is impossible to see the principals. Introductions are being shouted into the void. Unknown heroes nod to non-existent cheers. Tex Rickard, the promotor, is introduced. He is cool. The receipts are \$1,500,000. He clears \$600,000. The aeroplanes are flying high. The stands haven't collapsed. A trim figure with a keen face, he wears a blue suit, bat-wing tie, Panama. His note is reserve power. He carries a shining black cane. He steps quietly through the ropes, raises his hat, shakes hands with his stars, weaves out of the mob and modestly eliminates himself. Then the two principals come close with the referee, return to their separate corners and wait with cocked ears.

The fight begins. Quickly and expertly they start, no muddling, no stalling. Both are grave and intent. There is none of Jack Johnson's sideline wit. In a few instants, one cannot tell how, the great question is answered—the predictions of American sporting journalism were as sound and veracious as they were singularly candid—there is a fatal discrepancy between Carpentier and Dempsey. Carpentier the Olympian is—well, doing his best. He is flashing, dazzling, brilliant, resourceful, game. But in the ring there is only one man. Dempsey moves in on Carpentier like a man in armor. With his head fixedly lowered, his arms compact, his movements strictly economized, he comes to close quarters and then with terrific sobriety drives blow after blow against

the fair body of Carpentier, It is the act of a Titan. The Olympian, threatened, falls away. The gong saves him.

Ah, but his pale face is marked on the left side with the carmine of blood. A Greek god with a bloody nose. He looks serious. And the brown, hairy Titan comes up just as quickly as does the Olympian to the second round.

In this round one lives. All the fluff talked about Carpentier, all the snobbism, the brain-brawn nonsense, is forgotten. One sees the man's spunk. To everyone's surprise, to Dempsey's surprise, he takes the offensive—and he holds it. For a few moments he curves the imagination of 90,000 yelping spectators back from the doom that seems to await him. He staggers Dempsey. One sees Dempsey, the towering Dempsey, shaken and dazed by a succession of blows. A second later one sees the Titan blunder loosely and foolishly in one lurching blow. It seems that here, after all, there is a see-saw of fortune. Carpentier, or someone, can upheave this granite man.

But that is the end. The silhouette of Dempsey is unaltered in the third and fourth rounds. In this fight it is unalterable. Carpentier comes to him with the fatality that the tennis-ball comes to the champion player. Dempsey is always there, driving in those piston blows which Carpentier does not dare spread himself to stop. The Frenchman suddenly appears young, struggling, futile, while Dempsey, like an avenger, comes inexorably after him. And yet it is not cruel or humiliating. Dempsey is not brutal. He is simply superior. Except for that one moment when he withered perceptibly, he has kept the game in hand. If he has sprawled once or twice, so has the more brilliant Carpentier. And when the fireworks spin out he emerges with no change in his fundamental rule—to beat, literally beat, Carpentier with one short, cruel stab after another...

My squid, of course, was spread all over the skyline. I saw nothing but his blue coat in the instant Carpentier went down. I never saw the knock-down. I heard a roar. I caught one glimpse of a god on all fours. I saw Dempsey waiting, too tall for anyone to obscure, and I saw the referee marking his count with a great swinging arm. But that was all.

Well, not quite all. When the crowd simmers down a bit I see in the ring Jack Dempsey, smiling. He flings both arms straight up, bare of the gloves, nothing on but the white bandages. A magnificent figure of victory! Then they put a towel over his head, the way one puts a parrot to sleep. And that is the end.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Not Playing the Game

THERE is a mean kind of obstinacy in some men, and even some animals. No matter how much they disappoint others, they won't behave as expected.

The National Geographic for June reports some curious cases of obstinacy. One is about a little brown bull in Peru. As described by Herbert Corey, this bull was brought in at a bull-fight, but wouldn't play his rôle in the traditional way. He refused to get killed. He looked around carefully at the situation and saw through the system. He wouldn't charge the tired old horses or run at red capes. When he charged he went straight and hard for the man with the sword. As this person had expected to stick his sword in from behind, while he kept the bull occupied goring an irrelevant cape, he was by no means prepared for an open battle. He soon ran for shelter. In three minutes the little brown bull had cleared the ring. They had to let him out and find others less clear-eyed.

It is disconcerting to the management when any victim won't play the game. If it were only the animals, it wouldn't much matter. Mr. Corey applauds the brown bull, in fact. But men—that's more serious. And unfortunately there are Peruvian men and women who are as bad as this bull.

These people live in the Peruvian highlands. Each man has his own plot of land. Each man has a garden, the produce of which feeds his family. The wool of a sheep or two provides the family wardrobe. The average highlander feels so contented with this that he won't hire out as a laborer to earn extra money.

"So I am trying to teach him to want things," President Leguia of Peru said to Corey. Things! That's the point. Leguia has hit the nail on the head. All the rest of us, all over the world, are brought up to want them, but the Peruvian highlander hasn't been taught this. Hence Leguia is after him. "When he feels he must have a Yankee alarm-clock and his wife demands a sewing machine, he will be willing to work regularly. Then we can make some progress."

Leguia was a successful business man before he became President. He has progressive ideas. It is the wish of his heart to advance the people's prosperity. But in spite of his efforts, they are stubbornly making it hard for him. It must discourage Leguia. There are not many contented spots on this earth, and here he finds that it's his misfortune to be the ruler of one of them.

He is evidently an optimist, however, which is much to his credit. He hopes to change this dark situation. He is asking our help.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

Rambles With W. H. Hudson

I THINK it would be delightful to take a walk in Hampshire with this wise dreamer. One might sally forth of Selborne with him on a russet autumnal afternoon, an adventure vignettied by "dead bracken with dead leaves on a reddish soil." The air would be instinct with the still crisp life of December, migrating swallows would soar overhead, and very soon Hudson would call my attention to the "beautiful blush" of certain lichens. He would walk with a loose swift gait and his calm eyes would be everywhere. It would be an easy-going excursion, rambling as his conversation, rambling as his stories.

The picture would be saved from melancholy by the persistence of evergreens. Hudson would tell me that green is the loveliest color, whether in woman's eyes or in God's "green mansions," and he would speak of oaken groves with their "green everlasting gladness." He would talk a little about life in general and the heavy peasant people, but he would willingly return to his beloved birds and beasts. Yet I can clearly see that he has no favorites, finding interest in such noxious creatures as snakes and adders. His is the wide impartiality of Nature, together with the clear eye of science.

Presently we would find a young robin tossed out of his nest by an invading cuckoo, and Hudson, refusing to sentimentalize, would say: "Let him die there. He suffers but little and few animals have the sense of death." Then my companion would find for me the haunts of explosive squirrels and of comic coots and he would tell me about the music of the great green grasshopper, one of Nature's chief artists. This music, it appears, was originally designed to attract the female grasshopper; but it has become an end in itself to the artist, who now pays no attention to the lady. She waits placidly by until the singer is exhausted, then she picks him up and carries him off for household purposes.

The "Hampshire Day" is nearly over and at twilight we find ourselves on a hillside covered with ancient barrows. Hudson mentions the so-called "world-strangeness" and declares that he feels it among pale city prowlers but never in nature nor among these barrows of the dead. The dead are a part of the world, of the world of beauty that often haunts us with a sense of the supernatural. And he imagines, with a passionate necrolatry, what strange anger would burn in these neglected dead, if confronted with their descendants—he gives me the vision of their fleeting, scornful faces outlined against the dark.

It is now quite dusk, and I wonder, practically, when we shall see again the steeple of Selborne's communal church. This is futile on my part, because we are going to be precipitated from Hampshire into another age. It is a "Crystal Age" in a lovely country. By some vague and absurd accident—I think we tumble down a ravine—we land in this Utopia on a Sunday morning.

We fall among a troop of yellow-clad people who are conducting a simple funeral. They welcome us and marvel much at our talk of machinery and money, of cities and historical characters. They never heard of any of these things. They are offended by our ugly clothes but permit us to go home with the group and Hudson walks along with a beautiful girl named Yoletta. Presently we come to the House, around which gather all the thought, labor and religion of these people. Their House is eternal and exquisite, perpetually adorned by successive generations. It has a domed roof and artistic flying figures of stained glass and life-like statues of past Mothers. An ethereal music is its chief ecstasy, illuminated books furnish it with knowledge. The world is now made up of many Mansions, each of which has its specialty and pride: the House of Coradine is famous for its moonlit seaside dancing and this House for its harvest songs. Costumes and ceremonial are brought to a high pitch of harmony.

Hudson adapts himself with a gentle common-sense and humor. We learn to do our share of toil, to plough with intelligent horses and to chop trees and make a green clearing. We take our share of patriarchal punishments and every night we meet with this perfect family and humble ourselves before the ethereal music. Their common desire for artistic expression, the true *Imitatio Dei*, takes hold of us. And abroad Nature is always there, spiritualized by sunlight and shining streams, consoling us in our bewilderment and in our growing pains. For, alas! one of us falls in love with the incomparable Yoletta, and with increasing perception comes increasing pain. She permits innocent familiarities, for it is the Crystal Age and the lover, despite the aid of the wise and human Mother of the House, is barred of fruition and becomes desperate. Presently we take counsel together and Hudson thus muses on the situation:

"Did you find any of those rainbow lilies that Yoletta is so fond of? I discovered a whole clump of them yesterday and I saw a flock of cloud-birds wheeling over the hill. It was a gusty jewel of a day, like that spring morning when the Patriarch wouldn't let us work and everybody went riding bareback. He was quite right, for Nature de-

mands . . . what? Too crystalline? It's true that even Utopia needs passions. Let's go to South America!"

Then begins a fantastic pilgrimage. We linger in the bird-haunted country of "Idle Days in Patagonia." We wander among the wistful recollections of "Far Away and Long Ago." Finally, we seem to be riding along a silver river in a "Purple Land." We bandy wit with grim gauchos, we meet with loving-kindness and sundry strange animals, and we fall in with an emotional person named Richard. Behind us somewhere there is a dear wife who waits patiently for Richard's return. We ride three abreast, as in the better sort of road-novel, and I feel like a transplanted *Gil Blas*. We hobnob with drinking Englishmen and with quaint types like the Negro *Nepomucino* and the guitar-strumming "Eyebrows"; and we are involved in one of the regular Wednesday *matinée* revolutions. But Hudson and Richard take this casually. Hudson is listening to tales about witches, faithful dogs, monkeys, and occasionally about nothing in particular. Richard meets many gracious women, each of whom, of whatever age, nonage, bondage or vagabondage, promptly falls in love with him. A little one is furious because he hasn't the sense to flirt. Courage, little one, he will reform! He is stirred by Margarita, that fair pearl, by Monica, who shyly listens to his stories. He is embarrassed by the attentions of the fat wife of a *Juez*; she pursues him until Hudson arranges for an opportune snake to stop her advances. But all of us are smitten by the enthusiasm and charm of the dark Dolores, that *Andromeda* awaiting a deliverer of herself and her country. Forgetting that he is a married man, Richard becomes much involved and this time true passion plays the devil with him. Fortunately it is a road-novel—we go on. And Richard kisses a benevolent *Candelaria*, rescues the dull *Demetria*, who blooms like a butterfly in his presence, and he carries her and himself back to his forgiving wife!

During these proceedings, Hudson and I have revelled in the Purple Land, in all its animate life and decorations. There are orioles and siskins, lonely pampas and "ghost-haunted mountains," larkspurs and night-shade and aloes, fireflies, angry bulls, and an armadillo who is the rusty image of Mr. *Tulkinghorn*. I become acquainted with the vivid Spanish eloquence, so like Hudson's in its use of animal and flowerful figures; with chickens who ramble over the official paper of the Republic; and also with parasites like the horrid *vinchuca* bug, for these people welcome you and provide you with "little things that go about."

Yet we learn to love the homely kindly spirit of

the natives, the true democracy of the *Banda Oriental*. And Hudson thus moralizes:

"Yes, they have the sense of freedom and the sense of beauty too. Richard has caught it from them, and his adventures, which always have the pure thrill of mystery attached, are no more immoral than thunder-storms and humming birds. I once saw a humming bird fascinated by a snake; each was driven by its feeling for beauty and it was a beautiful thing to watch."

"Still," I objected, "one great passion would seem finer than Richard's *amourettes*."

"That is true," said Hudson gravely, "and I will tell you the story of Mr. Abel, as it came to me in my 'Green Mansions.'"

In Uruguay he told me this tale of primitive Venezuela and I repeat it nearly in his own words.

Mr. Abel, wandering after gold in the land of the *Orinoco*, had come to stay with a tribe of *Guayana* savages whom he distrusted. He and *Runi*, their chief, swore an oath of brotherhood and drank a heady liquor made out of cassava bread. One morning Abel went out into the chambers of the forest and musing there he heard amid the chattering of monkeys a "low strain of exquisite bird-melody." It teased him, it allured him, it fled, and the Indians spoke of the mysterious daughter of a water-spirit, hostile to their race. One day the hidden voice was tender, and another day impatient, and a third day it laughed at the comedy of nature's life, which absorbed Mr. Abel. Finally he glimpsed the girl, a misty figure in the moss, clothed in spider-webs and disappearing like a dream. And the Indians pleaded with him to slay the spirit with poisoned arrows.

Once he was about to kill a snake in the forest, when warned by a sharp, angry cry he saw the bird-woman pouring out a torrent of protest. She stood in her beautiful brightness, her eyes like the "half-hidden iris," her skin and hair chameleon-hued, changing with the background of nature. She lost her anger only when the snake really attacked Abel and when, fleeing, he fell into a deep ravine. From there she rescued him and carried him to the cabin of *Nuflo*, her grandfather, a sly and superstitious old man.

Now at home *Rima*, for such was her name, became silent and demure, the bird lost her brilliant plumage and her voice. She spoke Spanish reluctantly and constantly she hoped that Abel might understand her bird-language. Abroad she would again become tantalizing and elusive, moving like the wayward wind, sometimes a butterfly and sometimes a wasp. But her melodious exquisite speech, like the "gurgling running water, the bee among the flowers," remained a barrier between

the lovers and Rima would pine when Abel went to visit the savages, his former friends.

One afternoon on a mountain-top, Abel spoke to her of distant forests and tribes, of "everlasting granite thrones," Pachacamac and Viracocha, and he told her that from the dome of Chimborazo she would see a green world as broad as Europe. And Rima wanted to know whether in marvellous Cuzco or anywhere in the wide world she could find a people talking the bird-language. Her mother had told her of such a place, and when she heard the word "Riolama," her anger burst forth against Nuflo, who had concealed from her the fact of its nearness. This was the place! There she could meet her people and there Abel could learn the language which would truly unite them.

Eighteen days' journey brought them to the spot where the strange mother had lived with the little Rima and taught her the strange tongue. But it was now deserted,—a big, barren hill. Rima was told of her illusion and from mad anger she fell into a sickness that left her like the white mystic Hata flower. And Abel kissed the roses back into her lips and now she confessed that she loved him and said they would return into the home-forest

and build like the birds. But she must go first to make fresh garments and prepare the home. She slipped away in the night.

Abel and the old Nuflo returned more slowly, to find the cabin a smoking ruin and no Rima anywhere. The Indians had discovered her in a great tree, which they had burned down; and the white bird-figure had fallen into the flames. When Abel learned of this disaster, he stole away and incited a rival tribe to punish the murderers. There was a great killing. Then for days he hunted for the tree and the dear remains of Rima. He found her ashes and took them to the lonely forest-hut, until growing madness drove him back to the city of his youth. There presently visitors would come, to love the kindly mournful Mr. Abel and to wonder concerning that urn which held the sacred ashes.

When the tale was ended I did not speak at once. "What saved him?" I finally asked. "What kept him from actual madness in his forest-hut?"

"Nature, of course," said Hudson.

But I fear all this is Hudson's nature rather than yours or mine.

E. PRESTON DARGAN.

Many-Tongued America

EVEN nice people now and then like to gather a little information from the newspaper of the man in the next seat, and even nice people feel annoyed when their curiosity is balked by Italian, German or Russian headlines. Only in this unfortunate way is the average city American—the man in the subway—likely to notice the existence of foreign language newspapers, and he usually resents it. "Why don't they learn English?" "Why don't they go back where they came from?" "Why doesn't Congress suppress all these foreign papers?"

In justice to the American it must be said that he didn't make these violent suggestions until the war had aggravated his nationalism to the extent of making him feel that any language except English was an outrage. His sensitiveness extended even beyond the written word. In certain exuberant western states laws were passed forbidding the speaking of foreign languages—any foreign languages. A Czech woman, who, by the way, was working hard for Americanization, found that her mother was roughly treated by "some extremists of native birth" because the old lady had been caught in the act of speaking Czech in a public telephone booth. Unluckily it was the only language

she knew, as she had come over here too late in life to learn English.

Many other middle-aged and elderly immigrants are in her predicament, and while their inelasticity may be irritating, may even seem wilfully stupid to patriots in a hurry, still it is a fact. Americans who condemn this fact should consider how quickly after the age of forty, or even thirty-five, they themselves pick up Azerbaijanese or Gujarati, let alone Czech or Polish. Having considered this they might go on to the next exercise in tolerance, namely, to imagine themselves in Bohemia, too old to learn Czech and having no chance to learn it; dependent for all their news of Bohemia and the United States on one little struggling sheet printed in English by one of their fellow exiles. Then, third exercise, let them imagine the impossible, that President Masaryk suddenly decided to Bohemianize these American immigrants by cutting off their one pipeline to the news, their English newspaper.

The parable is now too absurd to continue it, in Bohemia, but it can be done at home. There are at present various private and public schemes on foot, the worst of which was put forward by Senator King of Utah, for suppressing the foreign language press of the United States. The reason

given, and probably in good faith, is that this will advance Americanization. It is like saying that if a boy is thrown into the sea he will instinctively swim, and that if he is given water wings he will never learn. The exacerated patriot sees the foreign language paper as the water wings that keep the immigrant from boldly striking out into English. Take away his alien means of getting news and he will ipso facto learn to read the news in English. The sad truth is that he will then, if he is no longer young, go entirely without news, both from his own country and, what is more important, from America. As to the second generation and the young immigrant there is no need to worry; they learn English perhaps all too quickly. If all immigration were stopped so that no more elderly aliens could come into the country, there would soon be no need for a foreign language press. But even if this brutal remedy were applied there would still for some twenty or thirty years be people here needing papers in their own tongues, as anyone needs a connection with the country in which he lives, as well as with the country he has left.

All this seems too obvious to enlarge on. Yet still more obvious is the need of the American government for the foreign language press. Instead of being something to persecute or at best to tolerate and ignore, it is one of the most valuable aids to assimilation the country possesses; consciously in that it eagerly collaborates with the government in printing and explaining the laws, and unconsciously in that it is a perfect mirror of what goes on in the minds of America's foreign-born citizens. Nothing makes this plainer than the extracts from foreign language papers collected by the Bureau of Foreign Language Information.

These form a mirror that some Americans would study with amazement. In it their efforts at "Americanization" take on novel shapes. The "foreigner" far from accepting in humble gratitude the attempt to raise him from his inferior station expresses very different and definite views. In the first place he denies his inferiority. In the second place he declares that not God but American capitalism is responsible for the humbleness of his station. A Slovenian daily from Cleveland has an illuminating editorial on this subject.

Up to the world war in 1914, America did not bother very much about the conditions and the opinions of the foreigners in America. When they arrived at Ellis Island they were, after more or less difficulties, released without instructions of any kind, leaving them to get along in a foreign country as best they could. It is not necessary to emphasize that a great part of these foreign immigrants were badly abused by American capitalism and that the authorities did not take any efficient steps to stop this abuse.

The editorial then points out that at the beginning of the war the Americans were rather inclined to scoff at the heat of the sympathy of foreigners for their respective countries. But America entered the war and then "it turned out that the American public found it had an 'Americanization' problem, that among them there are people different from them in language and in many instances also in feeling. But those in power, instead of acknowledging their own guilt for not having until then cared for the welfare of the foreign-born began now to preach 'Americanization,' thinking that every foreigner can digest it within twenty-four hours and fall in with American ways of thinking in every matter." The "Americanization" laws then come in for some attention, and the editorial says finally that "the representatives of this fanaticism behold a Bolshevik or Anarchist in every workingman who wants to improve his economic condition. If the worker is besides of foreign extraction then they consider it an unheard-of impertinence."

From this same mirror we can also learn that the foreigner is by no means unaware of his own important part in building up this country; that, in fact, he maintains it was almost entirely built by "foreigners." He knows who did the indispensable dirty work, and he knows also that the names which decorated the casualty lists of the late war were largely his own.

But, says the professional Americanizer, we have nothing against these people. As a bulletin of the Inter-Racial Council naively puts it, "There is no danger to be feared from the immigrant who is honest and works hard." The motto of him the better, is the motto of this organization, whose motives it is not necessary to explore, beyond pointing out the fact that every large employer of cheap labor in the country is a member of the Council. Since presumably the honest, hardworking immigrants are divided from the lazy, dishonest ones merely by the line of political belief, it is worth while to note that out of the fifteen hundred foreign language newspapers only four per cent belong to what is called the "dangerous socialistic" press. Shall then ninety-six per cent of righteousness be destroyed to get rid of the four per cent?

When this foreign Socialist press is investigated it proves to have about the same tone as papers that are freely circulated in English. One, at least, classified as Radical Socialist, is much less violent. Its opinion of Americanization is also worth quoting:

According to our opinion, 'foreigner' is not an injurious word. Even the bible says that we are all foreigners in this world. From the scientific viewpoint we are foreigners in so far as our living period is very short.

No sooner have we bid the world Good-morning than we get ready to say Good-Night. And when matters stand so and men are devoid of a long age, why should not we endeavor to live through this short period in brotherhood and love, instead of dividing up not only in classes and nations, in races and castes, but also to create absolutely artificial distinctions expressed by the terms 'American born' and 'foreigners.'

Another Socialist paper announces that a certain Socialist club has now opened a fine school for American citizenship, "come and bring along your friends and acquaintances. The more attendants the more interesting will be the school." These two excerpts show that even the radical "aliens" agree with the conservatives and liberals on two points: they resent deeply the common phrase "foreign and undesirable," and they are even more anxious to learn about America than the Americans are to have them. But they want to learn in their own way and in their own good time, not under a threat and in twenty-four hours. "What gain," asks a Polish daily, "is there for a given country if foreigners acquire its citizenship not from choice and devotion, but because they wish to avoid persecution and disagreeable threats?" A Lithuanian paper draws unflattering parallels between the American attempt to suppress the foreign language press and similar Tsaristic and Prussian attempts. They know from old experience to what kind of loyalty this policy leads.

And yet, with all the natural resentment bred in these papers against the forcible feeding of a new kind of Americanism, one is amazed to find their almost pathetic eagerness to bring all the knowledge they can get about America to their readers. The Bureau of Foreign Language Information Service of the American Red Cross has hundreds of letters from "foreign" editors testifying to their

gratitude for the news from government departments sent out by the Bureau in all languages. "Your service is priceless," "We shall print all the material you can send us," "You give us confidence in the government" and so on. None is quicker than the "foreign" editor to recognize and appreciate an interest that is not chauvinistic.

As for the chauvinists, even in the midst of persecution the foreign press realizes that they are a minority, although a powerful minority, of Americans. Perhaps the resentment and the faith is best summed up by an Italian paper:

And to what justice can we appeal against this regimen, we, the honest writers and workers, sons of another country, brethren speaking another tongue?—To the laws? To the legislators? To the politicians? To the bigots who have deprived us of a drop of wine, the only comfort after the daily toil? To those who shut the door in front of us after we have ploughed their soil, broken up their forests, dug out their mines, and built their houses? To those who will prohibit us even the dear and sweet language we learnt from our mother's lips? We have no other court to appeal to than the public opinion of this free people. In time, and through the natural course of events, this public opinion will finally triumph over the hysterics of those minorities who today govern the great American family which was born in liberty and which has lived in liberty by the will of those who founded it, by historical destiny and by the suffrage of generations.

We have faith in this final change to a better frame of mind, and so we will wait, strong and patient as always.

To this there is really nothing left to say but Amen. Perhaps some Americans after seeing themselves in this mirror as others see them will help to hurry up this "final change to a better frame of mind."

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

The New Trend in Labor

SOME ten years ago I happened to meet a great American scholar just as he had completed a tour of the globe. I asked him what things had impressed him as most significant in their bearing upon the progress of civilization. He named two words as most significant of all the things he had observed. In Turkey he had heard a word recently coined to describe a man, not as Moslem or Christian or Jew, but simply as a human being. That word seemed to him to forecast the early modernization of the Mohammedan world. In India he had heard another new word expressing the concept of political liberty. Until very recently, he said, the vocabulary of the East Indians had contained no symbol for political liberty and the currency of this new word seemed to my friend to forecast the ultimate triumph of political self-government in India.

The most significant event in the Forty-first Annual

Convention of the American Federation of Labor, just ended in Denver, was the debate on what the convention referred to as Resolution 59. The debate and vote on that resolution revealed the rising ascendancy in the collective mind of the American labor movement of the concept expressed by the very recent term *democratic operation* of industry. The resolution as adopted by an overwhelming majority of the delegates is this:

MINORITY REPORT

Committee on Resolutions

WHEREAS, Our Government was founded as a democracy, instituted to protect all of its citizens in their inherent right to equality of opportunity in their industrial relations with each other, and to that end the Fathers declared the following fundamental principles

as controlling every act of the government they had established:

First: Government is instituted for the common good, for the protection, safety, prosperity and happiness of the people and not for the honor or profit of any man, family or class of men.

Second: No man, corporation, or group of men shall have any other title to receive compensation from the public than that which is measured by the value of the services they render to the public.

Third: "The prime purpose of government is to give security to life, liberty and enjoyment by the people of the gains of their own industry." And

WHEREAS, As government is now administered, we as a people have departed from these fundamental principles of democracy; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the American Federation of Labor hereby declares its purpose to secure a return to those principles upon which our government was instituted in order that we may better secure the blessings of liberty and to that end we reaffirm our united support of legislation that will bring about the public ownership and democratic operation of the railways of the United States as being in strict conformity with those principles upon which our government was instituted; be it further

RESOLVED, That we declare for the recognition and restoration of these fundamental principles to the end that those who contribute their effort to the industry shall enjoy all of the rights, privileges and immunities granted to those men who contribute capital in proportion to the value which each contributes, in order that the government shall be instituted for the common good and not for the profit of a class and in order that all men may enjoy the gains of their own industry; and, be it further

RESOLVED, That the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor be and it is hereby directed to assist the recognized railroad labor organizations by every effort within their power to have proper legislation enacted providing for government ownership and democratic operation of the railroad systems of the United States; be it further

RESOLVED, That in order that this resolution may become effective in the industrial life of this nation, the Executive Council be and it is hereby directed to devise and publish the necessary legislative program designed to make effective the fundamental principles of government above set forth and to secure to men employed in organized industry that equality of enjoyment of all the rights, privileges, and immunities now enjoyed by those who contribute capital to organized industrial enterprises, to the end that industry conducted under corporate grants shall be conducted for the common good and not for the profit of a class of men.

The essence of the resolution is in the second resolve which its proponents interpreted as applying the principle of service without profit and democratic control,—that is equal control of management by labor and capital,—to all corporate industries. By restating the language of the Bill of Rights in such a way as to make it embody the current aspiration of labor to an equal status with capital in the government of industry, the drafters of the resolution have done for the American labor movement something akin to what the fashioner of the new word in India did for the aspirants to political liberty there.

Resolution 59,—the Minority report,—reincorporates and widens the application of the concept of industrial democracy which first took concrete shape in the mind of the trade union movement at the Montreal convention last year when the A. F. of L. went on record in favor of the Plumb Plan for the government ownership and democratic operation of the railroads. There the debate centred

upon the substitution of the word ownership for control in the following resolve:

RESOLVED, That the Fortieth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor go on record as endorsing the movement to bring about a return of the systems of transportation to Government control and democratic operation.

The majority of the Committee on Resolutions, expressing the traditional policy of the Federation in opposition to government ownership, asked the convention to limit the scope of state intervention to "control"; the insurgent minority demanded the substitution of the word "ownership" for "control." The implication of the distinction was very clear in the minds of the delegates. Secretary Frey of the committee, the most scholarly mind in the trade union movement and for years the ablest defender before the convention of the traditional Jeffersonian policy of the Federation, defined the distinction. "I arise," he said, "in opposition to the minority committee's report. I would not at this time take up your attention if I was not firmly convinced that whatever action we take at this time marks a distinct turning point in the entire policy of the American trade union movement. . . . It is not in my mind altogether a question of government ownership of railroads. Government ownership of railroads—well and good. Government ownership of mines, well and good; government ownership of banks, well and good; government ownership of health and other insurance, well and good; but if it is advisable for this organization to adopt those policies, let us do it with our eyes wide open, and with the admission that we were mistaken in the past and that hope does not lie along the lines that have guided us, but that it lies in the state having this control.

"As an American I don't want the state to have very much control over me; I want the state to guarantee my rights and liberties and then let me battle as best as I can. The state moves slowly; it is influenced by powerful individuals, but it has never done very much for man's liberties. I don't want to turn over to the state the problems that you and I have got to solve tomorrow, next year and the years to come. It will mean that we now endorse the principle of government ownership and operation, not only of the railroads but of every other commodity or necessity the public thinks is of prime interest or that we can secure. Do we want to enter upon that campaign?" President Gompers vigorously supported Mr. Frey's position. After one of the keenest debates in the history of the Federation the vote stood 29,159 to 8,349 against Mr. Frey and in favor of the new policy. The term democratic operation had set the collective mind of the American labor movement in a new direction.

For it is the term *democratic operation*, not government ownership, that is prophetic of the future course of American labor. Resolution 59 limits the policy of government ownership strictly to the railroads; but it extends the principle of democratic operation to all industries and seeks to secure its application through the intervention of Congress. The spokesmen of the coal and metal miners read the idea of nationalization into the resolution; but men like Mr. Furuseth of the Seamen and Mr. Tobin of the Teamsters, in supporting the resolution, demanded the exclusion of the industries they represented from the program of government ownership. It was the idea of democratic operation that carried the convention.

The theory of Resolution 59, apart from the demand for government ownership of the railroads, is that all corporate

industries operate by virtue of a public grant of power; that by virtue of such public grants, industry has been partially socialized on the side of capital; that hitherto acts of incorporation have vested the functions of management and operation exclusively in capital; and that the spirit of the Bill of Rights demands that those functions should be equally vested in labor. When a man goes to work for a corporation, the argument ran, his investment of labor is on all fours with the capitalist's financial investment and should entitle him to an equal voice in the operation of the enterprise. Since the grants of power by virtue of which corporations do business are made only by the several states, it is the intention of the drafters of Resolution 59 to seek federal legislation barring from interstate commerce the products of all corporations that fail to accord to labor an equal voice with capital in the management of the business.

Whatever the merits or defects of this novel device, the object in view is practically identical with that which has been measurably attained by labor in England through the Trade Disputes act (1906) and the Trade Union act (1913),—namely, the recognition of the trade union as an essential part of industrial government and so of the administrative machinery of the state. The device is intended to circumvent the complications that arise from the conflict of state and federal jurisdictions which do not exist in England. But just as the Trade Disputes and Trade Union acts followed in England upon the return to Parliament of members elected by and responsible to the British Labor party, so the drafters of Resolution 59 realize,—and stated when interviewed,—that their object cannot be attained without the support of an independent labor party in Congress.

That this necessary implication was not perceived by many of the delegates who voted the resolution is certain. The debate did demonstrate, however, that the keenest minds on either side of the question were not in doubt. It was for this and kindred reasons that Mr. Frey, again speaking for the majority of the Committee on Resolutions, urged the convention to stand pat on the action of the Montreal convention. Again he was supported by Mr. Gompers. And again the convention by an overwhelming majority sustained the minority committee's report.

It was not alone in the debate on Resolution 59 that the new trend showed its vitality. By unanimous vote, the convention adopted a resolution demanding "prompt enactment by Congress of legislation for strict federal control of the production and distribution of natural resources now privately held and privately developed." The convention again endorsed the workmen's compensation law of Ohio as a model to be universally followed. Only a few years ago, the distrust of the state as an instrument of social cooperation so dominated the policy of the Federation, that advocates of state and federal social insurance, including state workmen's compensation laws, had to fight for a hearing. The Ohio law vests in the state the exclusive operation of the compensation fund and bars out all private liability insurance companies. Always in the past, as at this convention, the opponents of the policy expressed in Resolution 59 have held up the federal Post Office as the horrible example of the evils of government ownership. At this convention, the spokesmen of the Letter Carriers, in supporting Resolution 59, not only championed the Department, but advocated the extension of the functions of government to an ever-increasing number of public services. The convention as a whole unanimously adopted a resolu-

tion commending Postmaster General Hays for the enlightened labor policy which he has recently inaugurated. Possibly the most significant, though by far the least dramatic manifestation of the change of mind which the aspiration toward democratic operation of industry is effecting, was the endorsement, for the first time in the history of the Federation, of schools for adult education under trade union auspices.

Not even the Irish question, which was expected to wrench the convention asunder, aroused a degree of interest comparable to that aroused by Resolution 59. The Committee on Resolutions recommended the re-affirmation of the action of the Montreal convention supporting "the Irish people in their struggle for freedom and for recognition of the Irish Republic;" the more ardent Sein Fein supporters asked that "a boycott be declared by American labor against British goods and British companies." After a surprisingly tenuous debate, the resolution committee was sustained and the boycott voted down without so much as a roll call.

ROBERT W. BRUERE.

Nomad

Let me delay a moment and look out
 Into the morning; let me feel the slow
 Dropping of chains, the walls that are about
 To give me back my freedom! Some will go
 Hurriedly, being flushed, as bondsmen are,
 With wine of new horizons—but not I!
 No need to seek the sea, or travel far
 To sip the tempered sweetness of the sky.

There is a pleasure that we nomads take
 In standing long at doors that mark the brink
 Of unforecasted journeys; and we break
 Chains with a shy reluctance, link by link.
 Perhaps because of this we love the spires
 Of little towns at twilight, and inn fires.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

The Watchers

I saw them stand in the road to the glen tonight,
 The two pale men,
 With the white dust of the moon on their tall thin figures,
 —I halted then.
 And after a bird had cried and the wind had trembled
 And the deep wood quieted down
 I heard one speak, in a low voice, tense as a shadow,
 "How rests our town?—
 Is the way of the world the same, or is mankind changing?
 —One thousand years are flame;
 Is there hope, perhaps? . . ." but the other's head shook
 slowly,
 "No; men are still the same . . ."
 And I saw them bow their heads and go down together,
 Across the hill to the glen,
 Then a cloud blew over the moon in a moment's passing
 And they had vanished when
 I came to the top of the hill; but—down in the hollow
 A mist on the stream hung hoar,
 So I know that road will be clear of ghostly watchers
 For years a thousand more! . . .

GEORGE BRANDON SAUL.

The Present Phase in Russia

NO description of the rapid flux of the Russian Revolution holds true for very many consecutive months, and the account which I gave in the *New Republic* last year stands at the present time in urgent need of correction. The new phase which began in March marks, indeed, a sharper breach with the past than any of the former readjustments. The French Revolution must have been a less bewildering study for the spectators. A change of policy and direction always meant a change in its heads. No one can have missed the significance of Thermidor. In Russia it is the system which changes, while the same men continue to govern from the Kremlin, and it is Lenin himself who blandly announces to us that Russia is henceforward a "capitalist" state. This big man is often the victim of his own irrepressible sense of humor, and when he made this startling confession, I suspect that he was trying to shock his own simpler followers. In any event, the description strikes me as inaccurate. The new phase in Russia is not capitalism at all, but a lapse into something vastly more primitive, the "natural economy" of a peasant community. The plain truth is that communism, if it is not finally defeated, has executed a very comprehensive retreat. The peasant has won a victory which may prove to be decisive.

The actual change is as simple as it is far-reaching. Agriculture was the one form of production which was important in Russia, and it is returning to the old system of profit. It never, of course, had been socialized in any genuine sense. The various Soviet farms and communal farms, though interesting and sometimes promising as experiments, were not quantitatively of much account. The rule was individualism, the cultivation by each peasant, with the labor only of his own family, of a small farm or holding. The tillage was unspeakably backward, and, in spite of much educational effort, it had rather retrograded than advanced. Only on a small scale, on selected estates was there any approach to the advanced collective production, by big teams of workers, using machinery and scientific methods, which communist theory required.

None the less, the workers' republic had tried to make an end of production for profit. The free marketing of the crops was prohibited, and though some illicit trade went on, it was risky and limited. The system was, that after a subsistence allowance for the worker's own family had been deducted from his harvest, the whole surplus was requisitioned by the state. In theory the peasant should have received the equivalent of this surplus in manufactured goods, or in money. In practice the manufactured goods were never forthcoming in any adequate amount, and the money was a worthless token and no more. In itself the system need not have discouraged energy and good work, for if the goods had been available, good cultivation would have been rewarded at once, in necessities or in comforts or in tools. But industry was ruined, partly by the long war and blockade, partly by the rush of the town laborers to take up their holdings in the country. Those factories which still worked relatively well—as some by heroic efforts and clever improvisations still did—were entirely occupied in providing for the needs of the Red army, which went on growing, as the series of attacks and interventions lengthened out. The peasants of the central provinces, who rarely had any surplus at all, probably received in goods and services as much as they gave, or more. But the richer districts naturally resented the system as an intolerable exaction, and they

began to evade it by diminishing the area under cultivation. That was noticeable indeed, even before the Revolution, and the cause of it was partly the mobilization of the men and horses. The yield per acre also dropped, for manure was scarce and implements were worn out.

There should have been an improvement when the Polish war came to an end and Wrangel was crushed, and, indeed, industry did show signs of recovery last winter. It came too late. The terrific drought of last summer with its threat of famine, compelled a resort to any or every expedient which might increase the production of food for the starving towns. A last attempt was made by compulsion to increase the area under cultivation: it broke down, because the Soviets could not find the necessary seed-corn. Then, in desperation, Lenin made his great surrender. The requisitions were abolished. Free trade in food was permitted. The state now requires from the peasant only a tithe in kind, which will average ten per cent, but will vary in such a way that a man who cultivates his holding fully and well, will pay proportionately less than a slothful husbandman. The appeal is to the old world instinct of individualistic gain.

There is latent in this concession little less than a social counter-revolution. It is no use doing things by halves, and if Russia has to fall back on the profit-making instinct, it is obvious that the farmers and peasants will go far beyond the first step of free marketing. Some peasants may be content to spend all they earn, but others will wish to save. Already the revival of private banking accounts is under discussion, and even the payment of interest by the Cooperative Bank. But will investment in the Cooperative Bank satisfy the peasant? It requires little foresight to see that the energetic peasant will soon begin to hire fields, and that the use of hired labor, which never was entirely suppressed in the richer agricultural districts, may be greatly extended. To be sure, the hiring or purchase of land is flatly illegal, for the state is in theory the sole owner of land, and allows to the peasants in usufruct only what he and his family can till with their own hands. But can this restriction survive the encouragement of free trade, and the revival of bank balances? It will begin surreptitiously, and may only be legalized after a severe struggle. But even before this stage is reached, the old distinctions of class will tend to reappear, with the old antagonisms and jealousies. It will be very hard for the town worker, still laboring for a fixed wage at his loom or lathe, to watch these thriving farmers coming into market to convert his wages into their profits. It will be harder still, as this well-to-do farmer class emerges, for the ill-paid Soviet officials to bear their poverty and preserve their integrity. The very men who have endured most for the Revolution will feel that its central aim, the abolition of class, has been frustrated.

Nor will it be easy, under the new conditions, to revive Russian industry. The plan of rationing the town worker never worked well, but at the worst he received in kind from the state about half an adequate diet. The new tithe should suffice to feed the army, the officials, and the children. It will not meet the general needs of the town population. They will have to rely on the open market. Even if prices should fall, as in time they will, the gap between the Soviet wages and the cost of living at market prices, will be difficult to bridge. It will be necessary to increase them on a fantastic scale. Soviet rationed bread used to cost two rubles when I was in Moscow, while "free" market bread cost four hundred. The printing press could not meet this demand. If wages rise slowly, if the struggle

to live is intensified, the tendency, already marked enough, for the urban workers to return to their villages, will be accelerated. Industry will dwindle still further, and such skilled mechanical work as the peasants require—and they need surprisingly little—will be done by those village craftsmen, with primitive hand tools, who will sell their wares directly for food. As the possibility of importing manufactured goods from Germany or England opens up, the problem will present itself to the rulers of Russia, whether their dilapidated industries are worth reviving or preserving. Russian industry was always an artificial creation. It had been fostered by tariffs which staggered the records of protection. It was located in impossible places, far from the supplies of fuel and raw material. It used to thrive only by cheap labor. If the new system of agriculture should result before long in exportable surpluses of grain, flax, hemp and hides, may not the Soviets be tempted to rely increasingly on the exchange of raw materials against imported manufactures, and allow their own industries to decay? That is a possibility. But if they do so, the proletariat in whose name they exercise dictatorship, will itself cease to exist. How far foreign capitalists are likely in the workshops, factories and mines, to avail themselves of the proffered concessions, is doubtful. But if capitalism should re-enter industry in this way, the loss of prestige and of self-confidence will be painful, and the retreat will look like a capitulation.

One must not for a moment suppose that Lenin himself sees the prospect in this light. His optimism is as robust as ever, and he evidently believes that he retains the power to guide his state through this new transitional phase to communism. It is well to put the case, as he may see it. He would probably point out that even in agriculture the essentials of capitalism are lacking. Since he retains internal transport, and the monopoly of foreign trade, the middleman can hardly improve himself. There will be no wholesale speculation in crops. A good deal of trafficking in village market places there certainly will be. Even that, however, will diminish, for if cultivation extends and improves, the tithe may suffice at last to provide a ration for the industrial worker. All the big movement of crops from the provinces to the towns will be in the hands of the state, of the cooperatives which are under state control. Even if capital accumulates, it cannot act independently, can form no money trust, can wield no political power outside the village area, for it will accumulate only in the controlled Cooperative Bank. He would doubtless concede the danger of admitting foreign capital but its actions also will be controlled and it could not, for example, play a part in politics, by buying the press. The state, he might point out, retains not only its formidable coercive apparatus, but also its tremendous expert power of suggestion, through the monopoly of the press, of organized propaganda, and of education. The retreat does involve a postponement, but all the while the schools, and the Young Communist organization are working to prepare the next generation.

Finally, he might point out, it is a gratuitous assumption that the new phase will run on purely individualistic lines. The peasants, save perhaps in the immediate vicinity of a town, will have to do all their selling and buying through the Cooperatives. Few of them will be in a position to acquire machinery for their own exclusive use. The entire influence of the Cooperative organization will be used to induce them to form cooperative producing groups—artels, as Russians call them. In their most elaborate form these artels will throw all the little strips of land round a village into six or eight big fields, and all the cultivation will be

done collectively, under scientific management, and with the aid of machines. In so far as this happens, there will be none of the growth of an individualist mentality, none of the crude profiteering, and none of the sharp division into new classes, which some foresee at present. Above all, if this practical idealist can realize his vision of the electrification of Russian industry transport and agriculture, by means of thirty great power stations, within ten years, his problem is solved. The peasant might indeed enjoy a brief relapse into individualism. But he would soon awaken to find himself a mere item in a vast cooperative system of electrical production.

I have set out in thesis and antithesis two typical views of the new phase and its consequences. My own mind balances rather uncertainly between them. I felt in Russia the latent conflict of the two antagonistic revolutions—the spontaneous, unconstructive individualism of the peasants, the conscious, architectural communism of the town proletariat. The former had the economic forces on its side, the inertia of a vast passive mass, the play of geographical and historical destiny. The latter had all that will, intelligence and ruthless purpose can contribute. Sometimes I used to think that the dictatorship was an illusion. It was not the Bolsheviks who really led the peasants, it was the peasants who after a brief trial of other leaders and parties, chose out the Bolsheviks to serve their own ends—the destruction of the landed class and the establishment of peasant ownership. A dictatorship is hardly worth having, if you may use it only to clothe your own surrenders in the form of autocratic decrees.

At other moments I recall the impression of an almost daemonic energy, which these men made upon me. They have suffered a severe reverse, partly through the prolongation of the civil war, and partly through the accident of last year's drought. But that restless and resourceful will goes on continuing. It will guide the evolution however slow it may be. It seems to attempt the impossible. Communism in a backward agricultural country is an incredible adventure. But it has lived through three years by achieving the impossible. Of one thing I am still fairly sure. It has no capable rivals. It will not be unseated by any deliberate movement in Russia. Its battle is with the tendencies of unconscious masses, with geography, with economics. Will and destiny have never fought a sterner match in human history. The end is still far off, and the gradual approach to a very difficult ideal is still a possibility.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

On What Sweet Banks

On what sweet banks were thy pure fancies fed,
What world of smiling light has been thy home;
In what fair land of rainbows wert thou bred?
From what green land of cuckoos art thou come?

By all that great blue wonder in thine eyes,
Baffled and vexed I stand before thy smile;
Thy thoughts, like angels, guard thee from surprise,
We see them not, yet feel them all the while.

That smile which, like the sun on every thing,
Now falls on me with no increased delight,
Must either go behind a cloud and bring
Death to my hopes, or give my love more light.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

Seeing Into America?

Hail! Columbia, by W. L. George. New York: Harper & Bros.

ONE special note is to be heard amid Mr. George's amiable courtesies. He is calm about New England. He examines the American woman with the reserve and sagacity of a connoisseur. He is nimble-witted about Harvard and suavely lenient about Yale. He indulgently loves the South and enjoys the circus in Kansas City. But his lyricism is reserved for industry. About industry, the architecture of industry, the efficiency and utility of industry, the immense vitality of industry, he is a different man. Here a real throb of ardor comes into his book and a real edge of conviction. He is utterly contemptuous of American Gothic churches; he writes with joy of the stockyards, the Christian Science Monitor office, the American Chain Co., the Washburn-Crosby mills.

This is the sincere note in *Hail! Columbia*. It isn't, one may fairly say, completely critical. Mr. George spent six months in this country, wrote his book in the form of hot magazine articles and insists that he is only presenting impressions. But too ready as he has been to believe that in America "every boy knows that nothing need stop him," too bland as he has been in accepting that "kindness is almost universal in America," too slow as he has been to link up political apathy with the ruthless compulsions of business enterprise, he still has taken a more interesting line on this much-discussed country than most of the observers who have preceded him.

Mr. George, if one may venture it, belongs to the japa-lac school of English journalism. His manner has a suggestion of French candor. He is knowing about sex. He understands ideas. But his brightness, his patent finish, is, for all his fiction, spick-and-span modern journalism. It is, unfortunately, too effective. It gives to the subject too hard and too desolating a definition. It is too immediatistic. But in this particular vein of relentless observation he has made out the most positive feature of the present American scene, the industrial nose, so to speak, on the face of America.

He sees, for example, that noise and hurry are only accidental characters of industry. He shows that the birth of the Christian Science Monitor takes place in the most spotless and aseptic of newspaper offices. He shows that a flour mill can have parquet floors and in the exterior view possess great simplicity and austere beauty. He writes with enthusiasm of the quickness shown by Tulsa in assimilating with older cities. And he is lyrical about the Manhattan skyscraper. He worries because, under the new law, "the buildings are set back in their upper floors; it is still fine, because it is big, but it is losing the nobility of the sheer facade."

Is it "fine, because it is big"? So Mr. George seems at times to think, in horrible subservience to Moloch. But his suggestive idea seems to be that, in the acceptance and adaptation of the machine process, America is actually beginning to give beautiful form to certain of its stark activities. That is a real perception. And if the perception could, for example, be pushed like a nail into the brain of some director of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co., so that Covington, Va., could now be allured instead of debased to the uses of industry, the true value of Mr. George's *Hail! Columbia* might be discerned. We are, he practically says, tied for life to this machine of mass production. Let us, then, harness ourselves so that

we free ourselves, and make our industrial world beautiful while we do it.

But in several of his flights of imagination Mr. George does not escape absurdity. He becomes lyrical about "the minimization of effort." "For instance, the electric iron, price eight dollars or so, which is fitted to a light plug and enables the housewife to save its cost in a month by doing her own ironing." Mere Man! And as for all these "boards and clips" that protect your shirts at the laundry, this is indeed almost a proof that Mr. George is right when he says, so barbarously, that poetry is "the coward's escape from the difficulties of prose."

Prose is, in fact, rather more difficult, than this glittering journalism allows. Mr. George generalizes on the American girl with a facility that outruns his facts if not his courage. "She is always meeting young men in a queer, comradely way; she is always on the telephone, making a date; automobiles appear for her late in the evening; she goes out with the moon and returns with the sun." Yes, the young girl of well-to-do class in a certain set. But you can't take American magazines and American newspapers as giving the true facts in this particular case. The world as depicted in American newspapers is, in point of fact, a screaming phantasmagoria which has to be examined every day with grandfatherly tolerance. Mr. George fed too much on wood pulp, not enough on the word of man.

Yet that was a precious man he met in Boston. "When I told him that I was going to the Middle West he seemed tempted not to reply. Then, hesitating, 'You will find it strange'." The young lady, too, who talks of cosmic universality, Bergson, the Matriarchate, Carl Sandburg, psychoanalysis, Mrs. Fiske, prohibition, spooks, Alexander Hamilton, the Negro question, the Barrymores, the exchange problem, and Yellowstone Park, is genially though coarsely burlesqued. Coarsely, that is, in respect of the actual accent of life.

Mr. George, however, is coarse. He seizes on words like "plebe," "enormous masses of Scandinavians, Germans, Italians" in the Middle West, in order to give verisimilitude, when he is content with an aquarium version of the real fish in the American sea.

Of his own governing class, one notes, Mr. George suspects that it "is wholly cynical and much more subtle than most people realize." He notes of the American that it is crudely repressive. But this obvious fact he does not connect throughout with the Yale business man he met, the ladies he met at dinner, the people of Tulsa, the "God's own country" line of talk. He mixes himself up, in truth, with old stuff like "America knows three main sources of romance—love, business, and the pioneer," and new stuff which he has scratched out for himself. "I confess that I took a certain pleasure in the struggling ferocity, the haste, the careless collection of wealth which make up American life. Only one asks oneself, what is this leading to? America is so much in a state of formation that she has not yet acquired what I suppose one may call poise . . . The cultural impulse is still on the surface because it leaves the habits of the individual what they were." Having cancelled out the claim to culture, to liberalism, to political sanity, Mr. George leaves only a cordial appreciation of lavish hospitality, a whirling impression of restlessness, and a vague admiration for certain industrial triumphs.

It isn't enough. Noble as the sheer façades of Manhattan are, and clean as the skirts of the Christian Science Monitor are, we really must stop like dazed June-bugs

if we have mere detached illumination like this. Perhaps if Mr. George comes anonymously the next time, evades hospitality, stays at the Mills hotel, refuses to stop his mouth with "the bread of Bostonians," and talks with some of the fourteen million working-women who are not sub-debs, he may justify the statement that he is radical. In the meantime we owe him certain excellent unsentimental random impressions and his glimpse of the possibilities of mass production.

F. H.

More than Clear

A Bill of Divorcement, by Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Co.

NOTHING is more gratifying than a thing that suddenly and happily presents the epitome of some quality or line of thinking, without malice and by no means by a caricature, the very perfection of the thing in mind. For example, the old ladies in tram cars who wear these little bonnets like inverted shovels with a spatter of beads and wire in front, the exact originals of the bonnets in comic illustrations and on the stage. I am grateful in the same way to some incident or saying in history that seems to hit off a whole chain of ideas or a complete atmosphere. Clemence Dane's *A Bill of Divorcement* comes happily by way of being an epitome of the word fictional, as contrasted with anything deeper or more biting.

You may take it or leave it, as you like, but the fictional is a world to itself. It is a world that is fluent rather than true. Things chatter along, wind up, tangle and neatly untangle; they are never at a loss, their motives and explanations work. And, moreover, this play of Miss Dane's, like certain novels, has that special fictional quality that makes one wish, perhaps maliciously, that there were in English the word *noveliste*; for gender is needed here to indicate the particular flow of the artist's craft.

We are to imagine, as the cover suggests, a woman divorced from a man supposed to be insane, who is just about to marry again when this husband reappears, sane and deeply in love with his wife. No small factor in this situation is the daughter, entirely of the new generation, amusing, lovable, heroic, sane, and, incidentally, a modern myth, quite as much a myth as was her almond-eyed greatgrandmother leaning on her forefinger at a window where a dove alights, in the illustration to Tom Moore. However, this new young lady smashes through the weak, sentimental prejudices of her parents; and at the very end, clear-eyed, devotes herself to eugenics, very much as her ancestress, almond-eyed, devoted herself romantically to duty. And then there is Kit, the rector's son, one of those right and clean—which is always mentioned—kind of young fellows dear to English fiction. And Gray, tall, dark and quiet, with an answering laugh, the man Margaret is to marry. And everything gets itself said swimmingly, revealing words arise at will, even to Margaret, who is able to observe to her husband when he cries out at the injustice of her forgetting him while he was insane: "All the days of your life to stand at the window, Hilary, and watch the sun shining on the other side of the road—it's hard, it's hard on a woman." A perfect example of what English teachers used to mean when they said, "She writes well." One thinks of Chekhov's poor, human souls with their confusion and terrible shadows; they are never able to score like this heroine with her splendid sense of discourse.

A Bill of Divorcement is one of those modern problem plays that is sure to invite discussion in almost any circle. About its tragic logic there is a something that purrs and waits to be stroked. There are the modern doctor's views, the rector's, the aunt's, the young new generation's. There is the whole question without any doubt as to the nature of the case. A woman whose husband has been insane for sixteen years, whom she married under the excitement of war and never loved really, has divorced him now after fifteen years, waited a year, and is now to marry the man she loves. They have saved it all up for New Year's, when sorrow is more affecting. The doctor says yes, the rector and the aunt say no. Science and theology clash, and modern thought is brought into play. It is as good a question as the old favorite about Ibsen's *Nora*, whether she should have left home and developed herself or developed herself and then left home.

It is the sort of thing that must be fought if there is to be any hope for any real drama in English. The kind of adequacy it exhibits, this smooth-sliding mincing crowned with vocal reeds, harms the cause of reality in drama far more than any poor technique of crude force can do, or any barbaric yawp or any over-seriousness without horizon; these may at least evince human faults in the author but human poignancy as well. But the Bill of Divorcement has no such raw error. As a matter of fact it is done with no little skill, with the tact and refinement of an accomplished lady novelist. The movement and the interest of it are handled with genuine technical facility; even though it is the kind of technique that can be put on and off, and can be fully explained by lecturers and professors. This is one of those trim pieces of work that may be said to have almost everything except the blur, the undercurrent, the accident, the shudder, the mystery, of the human spirit; everything, as Hamlet said, "except my life, except my life"; though with such facility one may scarcely notice it.

STARK YOUNG.

Must We Fight Japan?

Must We Fight Japan?, by Walter B. Pitkin. New York: The Century Co. The Press and Politics in Japan, by Kisaburo Kawabe. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

WAR between America and Japan must be reckoned with as a serious possibility of the future. The material factors affecting the relations between the two countries promise an increasing measure of friction and misunderstanding. If an armed conflict is ultimately to be avoided, it will only be through the exercise of a much higher degree of intelligence, forethought and moderation than nations are apt to display in shaping their foreign policies.

Professor Pitkin has performed a valuable service to the cause of peace between America and Japan by making a frank, exhaustive and scientific analysis of present and future sources of international controversy. The two chief present causes of disagreement, Japan's resentment at the determination of the Californians to prevent Japanese settlers from acquiring land, and America's resentment at Japan's evident intention to play an imperialistic rôle on the Asiatic continent, will in all probability become intensified during the next few years. The condition of overpopulation, which is driving the Japanese to emigrate in large numbers, is steadily becoming more acute.

And America's rather platonic indignation at the seizure of Korea and Shantung and Yap will be notably quickened when American business men find access to the rich Chinese and Siberian markets obstructed by their oriental competitors.

The author analyzes these two chief danger symptoms, together with many subsidiary grievances and prejudices which exist on both sides of the Pacific. He finds in Japan a strong current of bitter anti-American feeling, while the average American is said to cherish a no less dangerous feeling of complacent contempt for Japan. Professor Pitkin believes that the danger of armed conflict is further accentuated by the great power of the military caste in the semi-feudal Japanese state. He discusses the probable course of a war between the two nations and, arrives at the conclusion that, in a military sense, the conflict would almost certainly result in a stalemate. The experience of the British at Gallipoli suggests that an invading army cannot operate effectively when it is compelled to depend upon the sea as a means of communication with its base of supplies. So, even if the American fleet were decisively defeated, a successful Japanese landing on the California coast is scarcely within the range of possibility. On the other hand, Japan, fringed about with little islands which constitute admirable submarine bases, is probably equally impregnable against foreign invasion. And it would apparently be an easier military operation for the Japanese to capture the Philippine Islands than for the Americans to hold them.

The author is sympathetic with the Californians in their aversion to an influx of Japanese farmers. He does not feel that their attitude is inspired by narrow race prejudice and selfishness. He describes the vast difference in temperament between the native Californian and the Japanese; and expresses the view that the only way to preserve American standards of living in rural districts is to exclude not only Japanese, but also other foreign farm laborers who are willing to work long hours for little pay.

The Japanese situation calls for a constructive solution; and Professor Pitkin is ready to supply it. He suggests the adoption of the following measures in order to avert the menace of an international conflict: the immediate liberation of the Philippines on condition that the new island nation join the League of Nations; a drastic disarmament agreement between Japan, Great Britain, and America; the diversion of Japan's surplus population to Mexico, South America and Siberia; and the establishment of an international consortium, including the United States, Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, the Philippines, Mexico, Chile and Canada for the development of trade and industry and the regulation of immigration throughout the whole Pacific area.

The author is sometimes tempted to stray beyond the narrow limits of his subject. He is seriously concerned over the drift from farm to city in America and recommends the expenditure of large sums of money for the material and spiritual improvement of rural communities. He is also a convinced neo-Malthusian. He feels that the war may be ascribed in large measure to the pressure of expanding populations; and he speaks warningly of a time when the world's food supplies may be exhausted. He favors the exclusion of future immigration from the United States.

The influence of the press upon the political develop-

ment of Japan during the last fifty years is described by Mr. Kawabe. He shows how the successive stages in the modernization of the island empire have been accompanied by a steady growth in the size and influence of the newspapers. Before the overthrow of the Shogunate there was practically no journalism in Japan. Political criticism was occasionally voiced in novels, satirical poems and other literary forms of expression.

After the downfall of the feudal regime newspapers began to spring up. At first they were apt to be personal and party organs; but most of them now follow the policy of subordinating partisanship to the gathering of news. Mr. Kawabe traces the intimate connection between the press and politics in modern Japan, and points out numerous instances in which frank journalistic criticism has modified the rigid bureaucratic tendencies of the government.

W. H. C.

Selected Current Books

The American Novel, by Carl Van Doren. Macmillan.

"A record of the national imagination as exhibited in the progress of native fiction," from the beginnings to Sinclair Lewis.

An African Adventure, by Isaac F. Marcossou. Lane.

Mr. Marcossou travels in Africa, where he interviews Smuts and African development. "After these late years of blood and battle America and Europe seemed tame."

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